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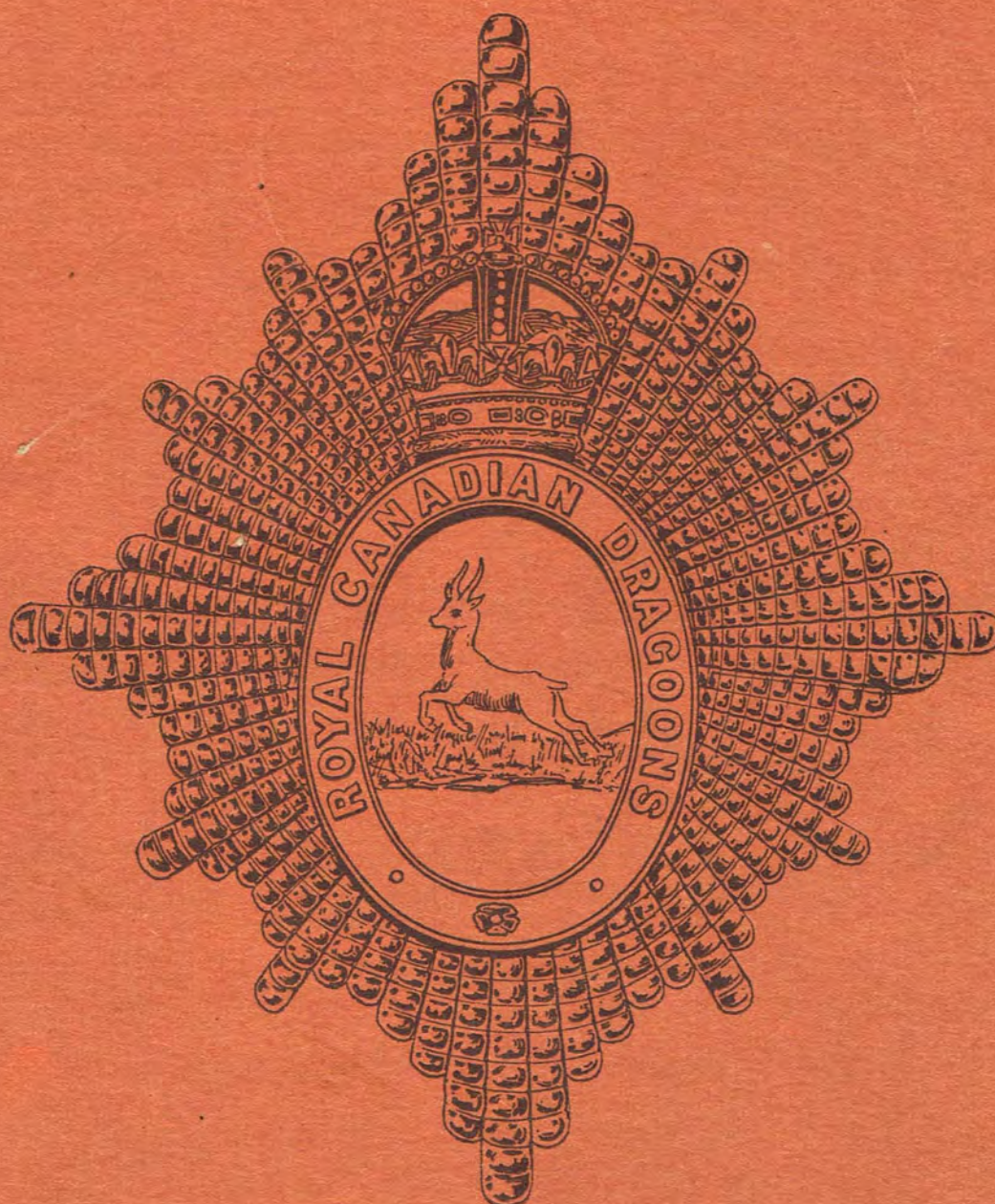
Published at St. Johns, P.Q.
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Yearly Subscription, \$1.00.

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LT.-COL. FREDERICK GILMAN, D.S.O.

Born July 22nd, 1882. Lieut. 8th Hussars, February 29th, 1904. Appointed to the R.C.D. July 1st, 1906. Brev. Captain July 1st, 1911. Proceeded to India on exchange for two years. Proceeded overseas with the regiment as adjutant, 1914. Brev. Major September 11th, 1916. Commanded "B" Squadron prior to going to 1st Canadian Division. A.P.M., Canadian Corps, May 17th, 1916 to May 6th, 1919. Brev. Lt.-Col. October 11th, 1918. R.C.D., February 3rd, 1920. Appointed to command the R.C.D. February, 1920, and held the appointment till 1925, when, in February, he was appointed G.S.O., M.D. 1.

Editorial.

LEST WE FORGET

Armistice Day has come and gone and the world has settled back again to its daily grind, hardly disturbed by the observance of a day which, seven years ago, called for the greatest outburst of enthusiasm ever seen in modern times. November 11th, 1918, marked the termination of the war to end war and the victory of those who fought to make the world a better place to live in. What could be more fitting than a wild spontaneous outburst of joy that Right had won over Might and our glorious Empire was saved. In every heart was the hope that the victory would be complete and that all the wonderful promises and expectations made during the dark days of the war would be fulfilled. Throughout the Empire, in nearly every home, preparations were made to celebrate the return of the dear ones, and in those homes, whose windows were darkened and through whose portals the loved one would pass no more, tears were dried and hearts made brave by the thought that a gallant life had not been laid down in vain.

Armistice Day, 1919, saw the first solemn ceremony to mark the first anniversary of "The Day." The burial of the Unknown Soldier to whom Kings and Princes paid homage, the symbolic embodiment of tribute to every empty chair throughout the Empire, made vacant by the supreme sacrifice; the two minutes silence, when, within the width and breadth of the Empire of the Seven Seas, the wheels of commerce ceased to turn, heads are uncovered, and for once in a year we hold communion with those dear pals who died that we might live. Only a year had passed since "Cease Fire" had sounded, and yet already people were beginning to forget. Where were the promises and expectations of "making the world a better place to live in?" What had been done to make the men who fought and bled for the ideals that were to be, feel that victory had been won? Those who gathered round the Cenotaph in the heart of the Empire came to pay tribute to the dead, but what of the living? Already those brave souls who gave their sons as a peace offering to the God of War were asking the question, perhaps not in words, for in 1919 the bitter truth had not been fully realized, but with

questioning glances, "Was it for this our eyes are dim and our hearts full?"

What of November 11th, 1925? Is the world a better place to live in? Has war ceased and have the promises been filled or expectations realized? Armistice Day is no longer a solemn time for any but the living comrades of those who belonged to the glorious profession of arms. The date of observance has been changed, the thoughts of commercial gain supplanting thoughts of remembrance. In the heart of the metropolis of London, crowds still gather at the Cenotaph, while His Majesty the King, the Princes of the land and Officers of State pay homage to the Unknown Warrior; still the great silence settles over our Empire, while trumpets sound and whistles blow,—but what thoughts fill our hearts? Have we kept faith with those who lie in Flanders Field? Is the torch still held high? Do those who must live out their lives deprived of the companionship of loved ones lying in fields where poppies grow still think their lives were not laid down in vain? If we can answer "Yes" to every question then the true spirit of Armistice Day will live forever, but if it be that time has dulled our sense of responsibility to those who went before, then, in that two minutes' silent communion in which every one of us who participate enjoy, from King to peasant, will come scornful, whispering voices, troubled and restless, "We cannot sleep in Flanders Fields, though poppies grow."

The Prevention of War

(Address delivered before the Canadian Military Institute at Toronto on Friday evening, January 14th, 1921, by Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of Staff, Ottawa.)

Mr. President, Brother Officers, and Gentlemen, I thank you for the reception which you have just accorded me, and I thank General Williams for the very kind remarks he has just made concerning me. I accepted with pleasure the invitation extended to me a few weeks ago, through General Williams, to come to speak to you this evening because I knew it would afford me the opportunity of meeting many old friends of this institution where I used to spend many happy evenings before the war. I must ask you to imagine that you are back in

the old times when soldiers were supposed to be men of few words and were unable to adequately convey the thoughts that arose in their minds.

I determined during the war while I was serving on the staff of General Mercer, that should I ever again reach Toronto I would take the first opportunity of paying a tribute to my old Chief's memory. I desire to express to you tonight my great admiration for General Mercer, who gave his life overseas in the great struggle. I do not know whether it has been fully appreciated in Toronto or not, but I can assure you there were very few Canadians who went overseas who did as much for Canada and the Canadian Corps as your old fellow citizen, General Mercer. He did it as a fighting soldier, and he also took a stand at various times which required great moral strength of character. One of the last acts he did before his death, about May of 1916, was a most magnificent stand whereby and through which the Canadian troops had a better weapon put into their hands than they perhaps had at the time of his protest. I think that was one of the finest services that he performed.

I will attempt to give you a few ideas that have occurred to me during the last month or two about the prevention of war. Regarding this address, I am somewhat in the position of another man who said, "When I came into this room there were only two people who knew what I was going to say, one was the Supreme Being and the other was myself and now there is only one left, and that is not me." I am even worse off than that, because I left Ottawa last night without the notes which I intended to speak from. I expect they will arrive at any moment, so I shall try to

kill time until they arrive. (laughter) However, we will see how we get along by just referring to one or two little notes I made this afternoon and we will keep hoping my real notes may arrive.

Since my return to Canada, I have been working fairly hard and I have been travelling about the country a good deal. I have been visiting every part of Canada with the object of getting to know as many officers as possible of the Canadian Militia and afterwards getting their ideas and suggestions, so as to advise the Minister on how we can improve our defence force.

I am a great believer, in times of peace as well as in times of war, of going and seeing things for myself in order to get direct evidence, and to get direct suggestions as well, and I feel I have got to cover the whole of Canada fairly thoroughly to know what the ideal conditions are in each place if I am really going to be helpful in my position and successful at it. I want to tell you that if at any time you have any suggestions to make whereby we can improve the Militia of Canada I hope you will transmit it to General Williams, who will send it on to me. By that process we hope to get the benefit of the experience you gentlemen have had and the benefit of the combined brains possessed by those who are serving on the Canadian Militia Force. If you have any ideas as to how we can improve this service I hope you will not hesitate to put them forward. As Chief of the General Staff I style myself the Chief Insurance Agent for Canada, and we will touch on this question of insurance a little later on.

Coming to the subject proper about the prevention of war, I wanted to ask you if you really thought or if you were really satisfied that war is over. Many of



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those Canadians who fought and died in the Great War which is finished, who gave their lives, believed they were fighting in the cause of everlasting peace, and that once we had beaten the enemy that the world would enjoy everlasting peace. That was quite a common topic of conversation and it was quite a common belief that we were engaged in the last great war. Well, the war is over; we have won it, but we have not perhaps secured the peace exactly as we should have. However, we have the consolation to have had the joy of victory, but we must remember, and I think you will agree with me, that we have not actually secured peace. War is going on at the present moment in about seven different parts of the world. At another seven or ten different frontiers, like the Poles and Lithuanians and the Bolsheviks, they are ready to go to war at any moment. On ten different frontiers they are watching each other and ready to go to war, and on seven different fronts war is actually going on, and war is likely to recur. It is in the teachings of Christianity to believe in the gradual improvement of the human race to such an extent that we shall eventually eliminate war, but I think you will also agree that war is an actual state of existence. We learn introspection by retrospection. We learn what is going to happen in the future by studying the past. If you read history, the history of human nature, the history of civilization, the history of the morals of the world, you will find that to war is human. Examine any branch of life upon this world, any sort of animal life you like, you will find that it is a question of the survival of the fittest, whether it be with fish or birds or what it may be. Now, war has its basis in human nature to my mind, and until we are satisfied that human nature has been changed, that a radical change has taken place in it, I do not see how any sane man can say that we have arrived at the era of universal or everlasting peace. I may be wrong, but I think that we have to face the fact that war is not a difficulty of the past, and that it is still necessary to take measures to prevent or delay war.

I shall not attempt tonight to convince you that we are going to have war, nor perhaps prophesy when we are going to have war, but it is my firm belief that war will come again and it is from a sense of duty in my present position that I have advised the Minister of Militia that we should have an adequate defence force in Can-

ada. We will touch on the question of that force a little later.

Now, as you know, the matter of insurance against war is simply a question of money. How much should we pay for our insurance? If peace is worth having it is worth paying something for, and how much should we pay? I think it is in direct ratio, the amount we pay and how long we can prevent war. I may be wrong but I think it is true. I think the more we pay towards this form of insurance the longer we will delay its coming. I want you, as members of this Institute, to become co-insurance agents with me in trying to evolve and devolve ways and means of delaying the coming of war within the world or within the British Empire particularly, and within our own frontiers at all costs.

My notes have now arrived, and I feel as if I had received reinforcements. You remember at the conclusion of the great war of the north against the south in the great Republic to the south of us, Abraham Lincoln made a wonderful speech on one occasion, and I think I might aptly quote from him just a sentence. It is in connection with finishing the work for which our comrades overseas gave their lives. He, on a similar occasion, said, "We must consider ourselves dedicated to the task before us, that we hereby highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, meaning that they must continue the work for which they fought, that is the salvation of their country." Our great task, therefore, is the firm establishment of peace, the delay or prevention of war, and at the same time to preserve our liberty and freedom within the Empire which is dear to us all; secondly, the integrity of the Empire; thirdly, the protection of the weak, whether individuals or nations, and fourthly, the preservation of our honour, which may mean we will have to go to war some day. We have greater respect for scraps of paper than our late enemies, so it may be necessary, to my mind, to fight for some or all of these various things which are dear to us and which I have enumerated. Now, referring to the subject of what we should pay, we have got to cut our coat according to our cloth. There would be no use at the present time trying to produce a huge scheme of military defence for which there is no money. Most of the suggestions I am going to make tonight do not cost anything, so they should appeal to us at the present time of financial depression. I think most

of them are quite feasible and I think they will improve our country in every way, especially from the point of view of delaying or preventing war. I will just go over what might be called the general methods of delaying or preventing war, and later on I will deal with more specific methods in our own country. The first is by political means, by the arrangement of treaties, by the arrangement of understandings with other powers, either in conjunction with the Motherland or as a member of the League of Nations. The second step which I think we must take is by supporting as strongly as we can the League of Nations. It may interest you to know that the League of Nations was evolved out of the Versailles Council. During the most of the war there was no machinery in the field to bring together the representatives of the Allies at stated times or regular intervals. They met at haphazard times. They had no agenda properly arranged for their meetings and as a result co-operation was not possible until a very late day in the war. The Versailles Council was organized with that object, and out of that really grew the League of Nations. Now, no one pretends that the League of Nations will eliminate war, but it will reduce the chances of war, therefore it is right to support it. It will provide the means of discussion and provide for the representatives of the nations getting together to discuss their problems, and if you get two men together in order to discuss the trouble between them nine times out of ten or even oftener, the trouble will be settled without coming to blows. It is just the same with the League of Nations—it is machinery for discussion of international troubles, and for that reason I think we should support it. The third is one very near to my own heart, that is, supporting by every means that we can think of the inner League of Nations, which is another name, or my name, for the British Empire. We must strengthen the bonds of Empire in every possible way. We have not time to go into how this should be done. Some are for closer organization, and others for a more loosely knit organization and trust to a spirit of patriotism to carry us into any war in which the Empire is engaged, but studying the various parts of this Empire, which I have been privileged to see something of, it has brought me back to Canada after eight years of absence this time a very strong and ardent supporter of this inner league, and I, in my small way, hope to get

those with whom I come in contact to take a stronger and perhaps more active interest in supporting and combining together our Empire. We are trying to do it in the military world by liaison officers. At the present time we have only one Imperial liaison officer and that is in the person of the Prince of Wales. We should have a number, who would be going from one part of the Empire to another carrying messages of good-will, carrying advice from one part of the Empire to another. Now, we had that established in the military world on a small scale and we hope within a few months to have it re-established, whereby Canadians will go to Australia, New Zealand, India, and to the United Kingdom, to keep up-to-date and to get new ideas from the other members of this great empire of ours. That will be a bond of union. That has been done in the educational world and teachers are being exchanged with the United Kingdom. I think we should carry it into every walk of life, this interchange of liaison officers or liaison teachers, and I feel sure that the effect will be very good indeed. The fourth suggestion as to how to reduce the likelihood of war is by moral and material means. This implies the improvement of the health, the physique and the education of the youth of Canada. The future destiny lies in the hands of her children and I think we should concentrate on their training. Then the fifth suggestion is to maintain an adequate naval, military and aerial force, because to my mind we have not reached the era of universal peace, therefore we must have a force ready for defensive purposes. The last is about as important, if not the most important. It is the thorough organization of our country by a sound policy, in other words, by a sound peace strategy. We hear about military strategy but we do not hear very much about peace strategy. I will tell you what I mean by that. War is now a business proposition. Some of our most successful leaders in the war were prominent business men before the war and most of those who were successful in business conducted successfully in war. In war every profession and every occupation has its place. We tried, being unorganized before the war, to put highly-trained men into places where their gifts were lost. We put square pegs into round holes and vice versa, and we lost a very great deal of energy and skill and ability in trying to do that through lack of organization. I feel that

one of my greatest works of which I am just on the threshold, is the organization of Canada so that if calamity should come we will be in a position to put the whole strength of our nation at the right time and at the right place. If we are not able to do that we are apt to be beaten before we start, and we are apt to have war on our own territory. It would not have done to have waited for the Germans to come here. It will be a sad day when we try to defend Canada from within Canada and therefore we must be well prepared, well organized, in order to gain as much as possible at the outset of any future war. If our peace strategy, this question of organization, is good enough and sufficiently thorough the chances will be reduced immeasurably for the necessity of having to use military strategy. If you know a man who is a good fighter, that he is able to put up a good tough fight, you don't go and pick a quarrel with him. If you know a certain nation is thoroughly organized to defend itself, other nations will think twice before they stir it up. We win through experience. Then we want your assistance. Many of will be asked perhaps to serve on railway committees, remount committees and such like, so as to make the full use of our total resources both in men, animals and material, so that if we do go to war again we can wage it with a fair chance of success. Knowing that the country is organized, that our peace strategy is on sound lines, we are not apt to be panicky. When a country is not organized and is ill prepared to defend itself people become panicky and rush into war or do some foolish act to bring about war, whereas if they were self-confident and self-reliant through the knowledge of preparedness no war would take place.

(To be Continued)

Armistice Day, November 11, 1925

While Monday, November 9th, was officially declared Armistice Day by the Federal Government, November 11th was the day observed by all military organizations throughout the Dominion. As at other stations all over Canada and the Empire, the usual ceremonies were observed at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. At 10:50 a.m. the Garrison paraded on the square under Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and the Great Silence was observed from 10:58 to 11 a.m., commencing with the Last Post and ending with Reveille, sounded by the trumpeters of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

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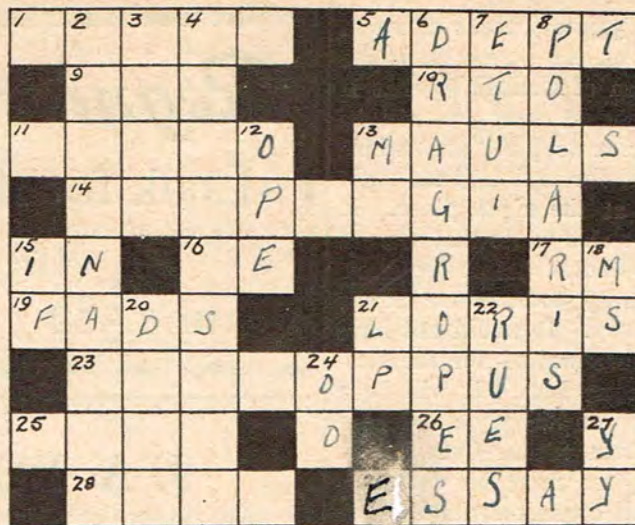
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Our crossword puzzle this month is rather smaller than any of our previous ones, but we warn our readers that it is not quite so simple as it looks. Five prizes of \$1 each will be given for the most correct solutions. Answers will be received up to December eighth, on which date all replies will be placed in a drawer and drawn drawn haphazard. Prizes will be awarded for the first five correct solutions drawn.

All replies should be addressed to the Editor, Goat Crossword Puzzle, Stanley Barracks, Toronto. The contestants' names and addresses should accompany solutions, but no identification should be placed on the envelopes.

HORIZONTAL

1. Willow.
5. Thoroughly proficient.
9. A machine for lifting heavy weights.
10. Officer in charge of troop movements at railway station (ab.)
11. A constellation of the northern hemisphere.
13. Handles roughly.
14. The eating of raw food.
15. Preposition expressing inclusion.
16. Pronoun.

17. "Er Majesty's jollies" (Ab.)

19. Fashion.

21. Species of quadrumanous mammals inhabiting Ceylon and Java, and closely akin to monkeys

23. A genius of extinct horse-like mammals about the size of sheep, which were three-toed with the middle toe much enlarged.

25. Turbulent.

26. Double vowel.

28. Gadfly.

29. Try.

VERTICAL

2. Pertaining to the management of farms.

3. A leash.

4. Molest.

6. Cords by which guns are hauled about.

7. Small case or box.

8. North Star.

12. Open (poetic).

13. A university degree (ab.)

15. A conjunction.

18. Manuscript (ab.)

20. A rivulet.

21. The chief magistrate of various large cities in Scotland (ab.)

22. Repents.

24. Double vowel.

27. Double vowel.

The personnel of the team will be announced 24 hours prior to the contest. This team will in all probability go to New York to compete at the New York Horse show.

In addition to the usual Horse Show events at the Royal Winter Fair, a musical ride will be presented by "B" Squadron.

Fox-hunting has been very popular this season and the officers generally have been hunting from Beverly Farm Kennels at Aurora, as well as with the drag at the Toronto Hunt.

The following recruits have recently joined:

- 1455 Tpr. Beattie, J.
1456 " Lewis, T. L.
1457 " Coleman, W. B. M.
1458 " Rainey, J. A.
145r " Reeve, E. A. (Re-enlistment).
1460 " Miller, E. W. H.
1461 Boy Powell, G.
1462 Tpr. Banbury, F. B.
1463 " Armitage, R. W.
1464 " Maxted, E.
623 " Dutton, J., (Re-enlistment and transferred from R.C.R.).
1465 " Faulkner, T., (son of the late S/Sgt. T. Faulkner).
1466 Tpr. Hunt, N.
1467 " Matthews, S.
1468 " Sterling, C.
1469 " Hood, W., (transferred from R.C.R.).
1470 " Englefield, H. C.

The following have joined the gallant few, and taken unto themselves a partner: Sgt. J. Smith and Sgt. E. J. Manning.

JOHNS, P.Q.

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., was a patron at the Military Boxing Championship Tournament held in Montreal on November 13th and 14th. Major Nordheimer, M.C., and Captain Home, M.C., acted as judges.

Major MacAuley, D.C.M., 7th Hussars, and Captain Farnsworth, 7th Hussars, are attending the Field Officers Course at the Royal School of Cavalry.

Capt. and Mrs. Hammond are in Toronto attending the Royal Winter Fair. Captain Hammond is the Permanent Force representative M.D. 4, for competition to be a member of the Canadian Officers Team in the International Cup.

Among those noticed at the concert held in Barracks on November 11th were Major and Mrs.

Personal & Regimental

Lieut.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., R.C.D., and Colonel H. C. Whitehead, of Washington, D.C., have been invited to act as judges for the military and police classes at the coming New York Horse Show.

Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of Staff, will inspect the R.C.D. and R.C.R. at Stanley Barracks on the 17th and 18th insts. respectively.

Trooper Thatcher, of "B" Sqn., who has been at Christie Street Hospital for some time, recovering from a fractured collar bone and

two broken ribs, the result of an accident at Niagara Camp, is back at duty again.

Great interest is being taken by all in the Horse Show in connection with the Royal Winter Fair at the Royal Coliseum, Exhibition Park, November 13th to 21st. The team to represent Canada in the International Jumping, which will take place on Friday, the 20th, in which French, Belgian and United States army officers will compete, will be chosen by General Bell, G. O.C., M.D. 2, assisted by a committee, who will choose a team of three from the military competitors on the showing they make throughout the preliminary events.

Bowie, Major and Mrs. Salmon, Captain and Mrs. Drury, Captain and Mrs. Balders, Major Nordheimer, Major Sawers and Captain Home.

Lt. & Bt. Capt. Cochran, New Brunswick Dragoons, is attending the Captains' Course at the Royal School of Cavalry.

Pr. Lt. Laterriere, 11th Hussars, is attending the Subalterns' Course at the Cavalry Barracks.

A/Sgt. Coleman, N.B.D., is attending the N.C.O.'s Course at the Royal School of Cavalry.

The Equitation School at Weedon, England.

Those who have been lucky enough to have attended the Equitation School at Weedon will agree with me that the methods of the present have changed considerably from those of the past. Though it is possible to turn a recruit out with a fairly good seat in eighty lessons, he has considerable more to learn. The lessons must not be limited to one hour per day and should be gone through at all paces.

Many years ago, I heard an officer explaining to a recruit who thought it was time he was dismissed from the riding school, that after ten years of riding he would realize that he couldn't ride. I fully realized that saying on reaching the school at Weedon. There is a vast difference between the man who can ride and the man who can stick on, and would advise all my readers not to miss the opportunity of reading Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Brook's latest book, "Horse Sense," which the School at Weedon is based upon.

Weedon is not an English village where you would spend a holiday, if you were not fond of fox-hunting. The village is divided into three parts, each of which is quaint; Weedon has roughly 1,000 inhabitants; the only industry, other than farming, being the Small Arms Arsenal, where some 2,000,000 rifles are stored and

cared for. The barracks, which are anything but modern, are situated on the high ground overlooking the village, the London-Coventry road running on the north side and immediately outside. The buildings themselves form a square, with the barrack rooms being above the stables. The location was undoubtedly chosen on account of the surrounding country, which is rolling and dotted with woods, and furthermore, the famous Packs of Pytchley, Warwick, West Hadden, and many more lie within easy distance of the School, and fox-hunting forms one of the training exercises at the school.



Jumping Lane

Weedon itself is seven miles from Northampton and sixteen miles from Rugby. In 1921-22 the present school was the Artillery Riding Establishment, and under the Geddes Axe, either the Cavalry School at Netherhaven or the Weedon School was to be dissolved into one school, with a cavalry and artillery wing. Weedon was favoured, and the present school is known as the Equitation School. The amalgamation has brought out a uniform system of instruction throughout the army, and for this alone was superior to the old system of two schools.

The chief instructor during the period of 1921-22 was Major C. T. Walwyn, generally known as "Taffy," by no means a stranger to those Canadian officers who attended the horse shows at Madison Square Gardens, New York. He often spoke of the late Lt.-Col. Van Straubenzie, whom he had met there. On many occasions he would tip us off if he was riding a good horse in a

race, and a pretty sure tip it usually turned out to be. For the purpose of instruction, the school was divided into five classes. There were two officers classes of about twelve each, and three N.C.O.'s classes of seventeen each. There was an officer instructor to each class, assisted by a W.O. or N.C.O., who had directly under their charge an N.C.O. and two gunners, who acted as stablemen and room orderlies. For the purpose of sport both classes were amalgamated into one made up of officers and N.C.O.'s.

The Proficiency Shield was competed for on each long course, and to have its name inscribed on the shield was the sole aim of each class. The course took in every kind of sport, mounted and dismounted, interior economy, saddlery and care of horses. No fixed date was set for the test of the latter but it came as a surprise at noon stable hour, when all turned out and were carefully watched. Our inspection, if I remember rightly, took place in the middle of the hunting season, and points were deducted for lameness, sickness, need of shoeing, manes, tails, etc. "C" and "D" Classes obtained the same number of points, and to break the deadlock the officers' chargers were brought out and proved to be the deciding factor, the honours going to "C" Class, much to the disgust of the officers' grooms of "D."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This was not so at Weedon. Wednesdays and Saturdays were half holidays on which all took part in some form of sport. By the time the regular sports time came along, officers and N.C.O.'s had been selected for the various events, with the exception of the cross-country run, in which all took part. In this event, seven miles across country, my class officer allowed me to stay out, but I declined, claiming that I would finish before many of the youngsters. My place was 17th, after making an easy run of it, two places after my class officer. To my regret I overlooked the supply of beer which was awaiting those who finished. The school had two soccer teams, the 1st team winning the Northampton and District League. The opposition spectators were not always complimentary in their remarks about our team, "Taffy's Cab Rack," and "Taffy's Cab Horses" being often heard, but it only added to the satisfaction of a win.

The New School of Thought

The object of the school was not

to turn out rough riders, but rather to produce instructors, capable of teaching equitation and training remounts. The course was divided into three stages of three months each. The first stage was devoted to a recruits course, physical training and remount training, the latter continuing during the three stages. The second stage consisted of work in the open. The third stage was



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devoted to instructional work.

An examination was held on the completion of each stage. The school had its own moving picture machine, and pictures of horses undergoing training, steeple chasing and slow motion pictures, were both interesting and instructive in correcting faults. An afternoon at the theatre was eagerly looked forward to and was a revelation.

General Routine

Morning stables at 6.30. Work was carried out by classes and the horses were all fed by 7 o'clock.

At 8.30 we turned out on the square and mounted, each class circling round until the class officer arrived, when the inspection mounted, took place.

Not more than one hour was spent in the riding school, the remainder of the time being done either in the open or in the manège. This was very necessary for the training of recruits or young horses. When it was raining (and it often was) road equitation was carried out, short lectures being given during a halt. No set time for turning in was observed, this being dependent on circumstances and as each class groomed, fed and watered independently, no hardship on either occurred. As time went on and the classes advanced, a three-hour ride across country, finishing up with a series of jumps, completed the morning. Fifteen were always allowed to get refreshments at the coffee bar.

Noon Stables.—These never lasted more than one hour, yet daily we enter our stables at 11 o'clock and are lucky if we get away by 12.30. Again get away from the old school method.

Horses were inspected during

stables by the class officer, not only for cleanliness, but for condition. During the inspection the pupil would be asked questions about his horse, usually something pertaining to the morning's work, the instructor then deciding as to whether the horse needed more feed or not. The added amount



A Water Jump

drawn was not an extra ration but was deducted from other horses in the class.

Afternoons.—Physical training, dummy horse, lectures and re-mount training. Any spare time was put in on the dummy horse. They need little attention but are mighty hard to ride. Besides using them for preliminary work, jumping was taught; the head was hinged to the neck, and by means of a pulley the action of the horse stretching forward was shown. The photo does not show this feature very clearly, owing to its being taken inside the school.

The lectures were carried out by the veterinary officer and class officer. The instructional equipment was most up-to-date, and was purchased in Germany for a very small sum.

Fortunately for me, after the first day, officers and N.C.O.'s other than from abroad, were returned to their units owing to the coal strike, which lasted for three months. Roughly, one N.C.O. to six horses was left, and the horses were exercised during the morning, the afternoons being spent in the building of a new riding school.

This break enabled me to attain a firm seat, which I sadly needed, as I had ridden very little before coming over, and was consequently out of practice.

Feeding.—The principal of "little and often" was strictly adhered to, and feeding took place six times a day, the morning and evening feed being boiled oats. Very little long hay was given and the stableman was governed by a chart in his shed, any alteration being carried out by the assistant instructor. Feeds were made out by the stableman, and a stick with the horse's name stuck in the feed tin.

Training Ground.—The acreage would cover around 400 acres; the ground was sloping, with a creek running through the centre, and at many points this could be jumped. As a result, very few pupils avoided the "order of the bath" during some part of their training.

Outside of the three jumping lanes, all obstacles were either up or down hill, inclining one way or the other. The grounds were fenced-off sections, natural and artificial, and although gates were provided it was against rules to open them. The lanes were all parallel to the London Road, being divided by a stout hedge. The Baby Lane was used considerably during the early part of the training and few were ever allowed to attempt the third lane.

Steeplechases were held quite frequently. On these occasions choice of dress was optional. Red coats were in fashion among the majority. The course was stiff, being about seven furlongs, with seventeen jumps. The chief instructor acted as official starter and very kindly he did it. "Away you go and God be with you." After the first jump, which was



No. 1 Lane

thirty yards from the starting point, came an In and Out. Owing to the ground running down hill, speed seemed to increase and many ran past it, only to have to return. The excitement was intense, and the last jump but one lost the race for many. This consisted of a rail fence with a ditch on each side. The chief instructor used to tell us that jockeys often lost races through not being able to apply the whip correctly and at the proper time. He himself used to keep his horse well in hand.



A Difficult Jump

applying the whip and urging his mount along during the last two furlongs. Bets of five quid were often made by individuals over these races.

I should like to say a word about the "grid." It was a series of small jumps, nine in all, two feet high and nine feet apart. They were made of sleepers and iron bars, and the grid was used chiefly for the training of recruits and remounts. The object of this course was to teach the rider to get his body forward, and if he was "left behind" it caused intense amusement to the onlookers.

My class officer, Capt. E. B.



The Dummy Horse

deFonblanque, was an ideal instructor; happy-go-lucky and a real sport. As a rider, he was considered one of England's best. We were all sorry when he received a slight concussion while riding an unruly mount. I remember the occasion well. Half the class were on driving drill on the square when Johnson rushed up to Mr. Clines, who was instructing, saying that Capt. de Fonblanque had gone "bugs." After a few days rest Capt. de Fonblanque was able to return to duty, and while in the school, on the morning of his return, something happened which caused him to say to Johnson, "I'm quite alright now."

The second stage of the course consisted of more work in the open and more hours directed to the training of remounts. Very seldom was there less than four hours riding per day. The amount of individual work was increased, but "school figures" or "set riding" was not encouraged.

Towards the end of the second stage, I had considerable difficulty in persuading my horse to take a fence, and the rule of the class was that if you had three refusals you immediately offered your horse to another pupil. This often showed a fault the rider was making as the cause of the refusal.

During the stable hour, the chief instructor spoke to me on the subject, and told me that the trouble had been with my horse refusing a jump in the morning. This gave me an opportunity to state that I did not think that my seat

had improved, and that I thought it was worse than when the class commenced. The chief replied, "I have been expecting you to say this for a long time." He then went on to explain that I was losing all my old ideas of a seat hence my uncertainty. I certainly appreciated the difficulty which I had to overcome, and from that day on, trouble seemed to vanish.

The Rabbit Fund.—I am afraid I cannot close without referring to our Rabbit Fund. Though rabbits were plentiful in the surrounding country, they had nothing to do with this fund, which was carried out by all classes. "C" Class had a weekly stoppage of one shilling a month per pupil. A fine was imposed for falling off, on the following scale: Officer Instructor, five shillings; Assistant Instructor, two shillings and sixpence; W.O.'s, sixpence; N.C.O.'s, sixpence. The N.C.O.'s had 20 to 1 as compared with the instructors.

B.S.M. Ludford, assistant instructor, was very popular with the class, and had a series of games, which increased the funds. One day in the school, all bit the dust except two. Through a miracle I was one of the two, but I was familiar with the old horse that did all the damage. He was "behind the leg," and always gave warning by squealing before bucking. Whenever we heard the squeal we looked for 3d.

INSPECTION OF THE CAVALRY BARRACKS BY GENERAL ARMSTRONG

On Friday, October 30th, the G.O.C.M.D. No. 4, Brig.-General C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., made his inspection of the Cavalry Barracks, accompanied by Lt.-Col. Perry, D.S.O., General Staff Officer, M.D. 4, Lt.-Col. Chasse, D.S.O., A.A. and Q.M.G. and Major Neilson, D.A.A. and Q.M.G. "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, was inspected first, and the Squadron was formed up "in line" facing the Officers' mess. On the arrival of the G.O.C., the usual salute was given, the trumpeters sounding the "Flourish." General Armstrong, mounted, rode down the line and inspected men and horses. On the completion of the inspection the Squadron moved out to the drill area, where Squadron drill was carried out under the different officers. The Squadron being dismissed, General Armstrong inspected the recruits ride in the riding school, the institutes, building and messes, lunching at the officers' mess at one o'clock.

In the afternoon, "D" Company, R.C.R., was inspected, followed by a dismounted inspection of "A" Squadron. On the conclusion of the latter, the General presented the Cavalry Association Proficiency Cup to the 1st Troop, and in a few well-chosen words, expressed himself as being very

pleased with the drill, bearing, clothing and smartness of the men and the general appearance of the horses. In the evening, General Armstrong and Staff dined in the officers mess, and attended the boxing tournament in the gymnasium.

The worst man often gives the best advice.

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| 4. Ditto. | 14. Rail and Ditch, 10 ft. x 2 ft. 3 inches. |
| 5. Single bar, 10 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in. | 15. Double Iron Pipe, 7 ft. x 2 ft. 3 inches. |
| 6. Ditto. | 16. Post and Iron Rails, 20 ft. x 2 ft. 6 inches, width 15 ft. |
| 7. Brush fence, 10 ft x 3 ft. | |
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Now It Can Be Told.

By Sapper Shovel

(From "The Connecting File")

Now that the war is over and the troops, with the exception of the Army of Occupation (the Army of the Sydney River), have been demobbed and dehorned and returned to their normal life of ease, I feel that it is my duty as a citizen and a war correspondent to expose the true nature of war as it is fought in Cape Breton.

During the period of active and passive hostilities, my style, usually so pure, was, to say the least, cramped, harassed, squashed, squelched and often completely obliterated by the wicked censor. Every time I tried to get a spic story printed the censor got to work at it with the blue pencil, eraser, whitewash brush and meat axe and so altered its true significance that it usually sounded more like a letter from a female missionary in Timbuctoo, appealing for top hats and spats to clothe the males of the Hoodoo tribe.

There is no doubt that war does not pay. I never heard of a sin-

gle case of an officer or other rank, engaged in a Civil Aid war, making any money. In fact, many have even returned home the poorer by several dollars owing to the high cost of poker, bridge, cigarettes, and taking girls to dances and motion pictures. And then the girls must be fed. No. Nothing is more certain than that to indulge in a Civil Aid War is not a sound financial venture. "Gold and Dross" strongly advises against it even as a speculation, and troops should be warned to have nothing to do with it, at least, not if they can avoid it.

Another thing, a Civil Aid War is extremely detrimental to a young man's soul. I had a perfectly good soul myself before I went to Cape Breton. It was "hitting on all four," to use a vulgar expression. Now it is slightly dented in spots. Many young soldiers of my acquaintance have had their souls irreparably battered and even twisted. I will cite an example of what I mean. One evening, shortly after sun-down, I was slithering gently down the street in a Ford car, when I chanced, quite by accident, to come upon a public house, at least, we came upon the telegraph post outside it

and with such a thump as completely to disarrange and dismantle our off fore wheel. I was driving. My companion, a young officer, for whom I had previously had the highest regard, got out to effect a temporary repair and used such shocking and uncalled-for language that I was forced to seek safety in the public house. Once inside, I ordered a whiskey and soda, of course for medicinal purpose only, since I had been suffering from a slight indisposition of the gizzard.

While I was sipping my medicine two officers strolled in. I could not say for certain that they had been drinking, but they both looked flushed — one had a royal flush. They sat down at a table for the purpose, and one said, on chairs, evidently placed there "What'll you have, Bill?" and the other replied quite audibly, "I'll have a beer, thanks very much." The first officer then called out "Two beers, please." All this without any apparent shame, and just as calmly as if they had ordered ginger ale. In fact they evinced more enthusiasm than they would have done in ordering ginger ale. They sipped their beer and walked out, and I

must confess that this evidence of the brutalizing effect of war on the souls of our young men left me weak and sick. So ill was I that I was obliged to order another whiskey and soda, again for purely medicinal purposes.

Another great drawback to war is the opportunities it gives to the hardened senior officers to practice heartless brutalities on the young soldier. Forgetting that a loving heart often beats behind a soldier's ammunition pouches, these tyrants often refused to allow their unhappy sentries to go outside their gilded cage to meet their lady friends. A case of this came to my immediate notice, and I will tell the sad story exactly as it occurred. A young friend of mine, a private in Wolvin's Bodyguard, while on sentry duty on the inside of a barbed wire fence, met a village maiden, who was on the outside of the same fence. It was a case of love at first, or, at least, second sight. The young soldier wished to woo and win the maiden in the orthodox way, but unfortunately for the unhappy lovers, the barbed wire fence intervened. Obeying a very natural impulse, the young man thrust aside the cruel barbed wire and

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emerged on the far side of the fence, minus the seat of his trousers. He had just commenced to address the maiden and had got the words "How much—" (he was intending to say "How much I love you, dearest"), when an officer came up and, with a brutal oath, ordered the poor lad back into his barbed wire prison. Next day the boy was tried by the colonel who, with a hoarse laugh, ordered him to forfeit seven days of his hard-earned salary.

All these facts, which have hitherto been sternly suppressed by the censor, should be given the widest publicity, in order that the public may learn what a Civil Aid War is really like. I feel that I have done my simple duty as a citizen, a war correspondent, a Rotarian, and a Holly Roller in penning these lines.

My War Diary.

March 1st.

Sixty-six new horses arrived at 12.30 a.m. Got them all stowed away and it was 2.30 before I got to bed. Up at 7 a.m. and had inspection of horses and saddlery at 9 a.m. Quite a nice lot of horses and a number of our old ones among them. Veterinary officer held inspection at noon. Indian Cavalry horses go back tomorrow, so spent the afternoon in fitting new saddles on our own horses. Rode a new chestnut to headquarters. Quite a nice ride. Wet canteen and recreation room opened for first time.

March 2nd.

Dismounted squadron parade at 9 a.m. Indian Cavalry horses returned to their units at 11.15 under Cunningham. Sent sixty-eight men under Moss at 5 p.m. to get some more remounts at Gamache. They went in motor lorries. Very little mail the last two days. Had letter from Timmis and wire from Gillie saying "Sheila" had left. Horses arrived at 12.10. There were sixty-eight for "B" Squadron. Bed at 3.30 a.m.

March 3rd.

Up at 6.30 a.m. Divisional scheme for medical practice. Took thirty men and one officer with me. They acted as advanced guard to the brigade. Raining hard and very cold. Most uninteresting day, and did not get back until 4.30. Four of our best horses were taken by regimental

headquarters for their use. No sign of my saddle yet, but I expect "Sheila" in the morning. My new chestnut, "Sir Christopher," is a fine animal and can jump beautifully.

March 4th

Up at 6 a.m. and did orderly officer. Mounted parade at 9 a.m. on our new horses. Troops did their own exercise rides. Had inspection of horses and equipment at 11 a.m. Sent the horses over to headquarters. After lunch had inspection of billets and saddlery. Timmis came back from leave at 4.30 p.m. Went to Le Treport with Hall in motor and had dinner. Back at midnight and made rounds.

March 5th

Up at 7 a.m. Church parade at 9.15. After church had a parade of all the horses to place them according to colour. 1st Troop is chestnut, 2nd Troop black, and 3rd Troop light, 4th Troop, dark bay. After lunch rode with Moss to R.C.H.A. to see Colonel Panet. He was out, so left a note explaining what Douglas Young had written about "Good Girl." "Sheila" arrived at 2 p.m. Very fat and badly in need of grooming. Took on Earl as my groom and Martin as servant. Worked on horses all day.

March 6th

Williams left and Martin took over as servant. Had squadron parade at 8.45 and did road march. It snowed quite hard. Had "Sheila" clipped and she is looking very fit. After lunch saw re. fitting shoes for all horses in the squadron, and rode over to R.C.H.A. to see Colonel Panet but he was not in.

March 7th

Up at 7 a.m. Squadron parade at 8.45 and had same routine as yesterday. Snowing heavily. Had note from Colonel Panet saying Douglas had said he could keep "Good Girl." Sword drill for squadron from 2 to 2.45. We were told we were not going to move after all and were very glad. The French are holding the Germans at Verdun.

March 8th.

Squadron parade at 9 a.m. and rode down near the beach but tide was in. Had marching order parade in afternoon for all hands. Rode to Le Treport and ordered

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a lot of stock from B.E.F. canteen for ours. Met Saxe Brown and Laughlin Hughes, of R.C.H.A., and had dinner with them. Rode home with Moss. French still holding line at Verdun on the 18th day of the battle. Took over a new horse from 2nd. Troop.

MAXIMS FOR THE MONTH

May we laugh in our cups and think when we are sober.

May we never be drunk at night or dry in the morning.

War.—A wholesale means of making heroes, which, if planned on a small way, would produce murderers.

Sailor—A man who makes his living on water but never touches it on shore.

Mosquito—A small insect designed by Providence to make us think better of flies.

Wild oats make a bad autumn crop.

Matches may be made in heaven but they are sold on earth.

The world is full of willing

people—some willing to work and the rest willing to let them.

The first of all American games is making money.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship.

In a Scottish village lived what was known as the "innocent" of the neighbourhood, namely, the village fool. People used to offer him a silver sixpence and a copper penny, and the fool would always take the larger coin. One day a stranger asked him, "Do you not know the difference in value between a sixpence and a penny?" "Aye, I ken the difference," replied the fool, "but if I took the sixpence they would never try me again."

Two men were chatting in the club when a tall distinguished member entered and sat down. "That fellow," whispered the more knowledgeable of the twain, "is Sir William Slabb, the eminent taxidermist. Would you like to meet him?" "Well . . . er . . . it's very kind of you," said the new member, "but the fact is I have a car of my own."

Bytown Bits.

Cavalrymen Win.—The two members elected for Ottawa in the recent show-down are both ex-members of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. The senior member, Dr. J. L. Chabot, holds the rank of Lient-Colonel in the C.A.M.C., and was with the Dragoons as medical officer for over twenty years. He is now in the 2nd Reserve Regiment in the same capacity. Mr. Stewart McClenahan was for years a member of the unit in the old days when two troops were the full strength. As both the members-elect promised on the platform to uphold the minister in his estimates, Ottawa soldiers are assured of support at home at least.

Garrison Dinner.—The annual dinner of the officers of the Ottawa Garrison will be held in the quarters of the Hull Regiment on the evening of the 21st instant.

Musical Drive.—The R.C.H.A. will put on a musical drive next month at the Ottawa Winter Fair. The R.C.M. Police will also put on their ride.

New Secretary.—The appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Snow to be private secretary to His Excellency the Governor General is officially gazetted. Col. Snow succeeds Major P. K. Hodgson, who has resigned to return to England. His Excellency has appointed Captain the Lord W. W. Montagu-Douglas-Scott, 10th Hussars, to be an aide-de-camp on his staff.

New Appointments.—The 2nd Regiment Princess Louise Dragoon Guards came into being officially in a recent issue of the Canada Gazette. All the officers have served for some time with the parent regiment and have been of late on the old Corps Reserve list. The Officer Commanding is Lieut.-Col. C. J. Burritt, who has been a member of the unit since 1898. Col. Burritt was first associated with the Queen's Own in Toronto, and upon moving to Ottawa joined up with the P.L.D.G. as trooper. He passed through all ranks and finally commanded the regiment on reorganization after the war. Owing to severe physical disability Col. Burritt was unable to proceed out of Canada with the C.E.F., but occupied the posts of Senior Engineer Officer at M.D. 3, and later was Assistant Director of Engineer Services at Headquarters. Other officers include Major F. H. Honeywell as Second

in Command, and Major L. F. Askwith, M.C., as a squadron commander. Both these officers have had over twenty years' experience with the regiment, and both served overseas with the C. E.F.

At Stanley Barracks—Lieutenant Meredith Jarvis, P.L.D.G., is at Stanley Barracks, taking the Captain's course at the Royal School of Cavalry.

Was Elected.—Captain A. C. Casselman, of Prescott, was elected as member for that district in the recent elections. Capt. Casselman is second in command of a squadron of the 4th Hussars.

A Good Average.—The 2nd Mounted Brigade now possesses about as many Members of Parliament and Legislature as any brigade in Canada. Col. J. L. Chabot, M.O., P.L.D.G., and Captain Casselman, 4th Hussars, are members of the Dominion house, and Lieut.-Col. T. D. Johnston, 3rd P. W.C.D., is a member of the Ontario legislature. In addition to this, Mr. Stewart McClenahan, member-elect for Ottawa, is an ex-member of the P.L.D.G.

Was Judge.—Major General J. H. MacBrien acted as one of the judges at the Toronto Winter Fair.

Held Dinner.—The annual dinner of the ex-members of the 38th Battalion, C.E.F., was held in the Drill Hall at Ottawa on the evening of the 18th inst. Speeches and stories of the far-off days were handed around and a very enjoyable time was spent. Among the guests was Col. C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., the first commanding officer of the 38th Battalion.

Armistice Day.—Armistice Day was celebrated with fitting ceremony at Ottawa. At 11 o'clock silence was observed throughout the city, the street cars and all traffic halting for the space of two minutes. At eight o'clock in the evening the Ottawa branch of the G.W.V.A. held a service at the Cross of Sacrifice on Parliament Hill. Fully five thousand ex-service men paraded, besides the different units of the Garrison. The parade was under command of Colonel C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., Commanding the 8th Infantry Brigade, assisted by Col. LaFleche

Will Lecture.—Major-General J. H. MacBrien will lecture at an early date at the Royal Military College on the recent British Army manoeuvres.

Who Is It?—A well-known local officer will deliver a lecture in the near future on the relative methods of an encounter between a street car and motor. The title of the lecture is understood to be, "What Happens When an Irresistible Force Meets an Immovable Object."

MINIATURE RANGE — WINTER SERIES

(By Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown.)

The winter series rifle competitions, with gallery practise ammunition, commence early in the new year.

The season extends from January to April, one shoot a month to count in the series. Competitors are divided into classes—first and second—and the D.C.R.A. donates silver spoons as prizes for each class.

Every man may obtain a spoon for first or second class, provided his aggregate score reaches a stated figure.

The member of the Association who makes the highest score wins a silver cup. There is also a special cup for the team (but ten to count) with the highest aggregate on the season's shoot.

Now is the time to organize the association, and to arrange for the supply of targets and ammunition.

The range will likely require some attention in regard to heating and lighting.

Following are a few suggestions to stimulate interest and competition:

1. Entering teams in the D.C. R.A. Winter Series.

2. Holding Inter-troop and inter-squadron competitions. Members to be divided into two classes according to their 1925 classification. Squadrons to arrange inter-troop competitions and spoon shoots once a month. A special prize to be arranged in each class for the season's aggregate. A nominal fee of, say, 25 cents a month per member to be charged. Membership of the Association to be voluntary, though it should be impressed on each man that he would be letting his troop down by not becoming a member.

This or some similar method is the most effective means of encouraging efficiency with the rifle throughout the unit. On the miniature range the man learns to use his rifle under the easiest possible conditions. He obtains considerable practise in the most important aids to good shooting—firm holding, correct aiming, and correct trigger release.

The competitive feature of the

"Winter Series Shoots" ensures continuity of effort, gradual average improvement, and the results would be reflected by improved scores in the next annual classification shoot.

MIXED MEDICINE

While Capt. Halkett was Musing over the relative merits of Baker's bread and that issued by Stores, usually transported by Lachance, Laddy suddenly Barked loudly on seeing a Wylie Muskrat rush across the path, which so startled Demers that he promptly fainted.

Too True

He was in the act of engaging a new chauffeur.

"I think you will suit me all right," he said. "Just run the car into that shed will you?"

"Certainly, sorr," replied the Irishman, and he clambered onto the vehicle.

He grasped the steering-wheel firmly in both hands, closed his eyes, and treading on one of the pedals—waited. Nothing happened, and the Irishman, noticing that his future employer appeared to be a little astonished, pulled a lever that caught his eye.

Instantly the car rushed into the garage, gathering speed as it went. Just before hitting the wall, the Irishman reversed the lever and the car shot out. Then he shot in again, then out, then in, then out, and by pure accident managed to stop.

"Great Scott!" gasped his flabbergasted observer. "Fancy you telling me that you could drive anything anywhere! Why, you can't even put a car in the garage!"

"Can't Oi, begorra!" retorted the Irishman. "Oi had her in there three toimes, didn't Oi? Why didn't ye shut the door?"

A young fellow who had lived all his life in the country recently paid his visit to a race course. He mingled with the crowd about the bookmakers and the excitement prevailing communicated itself to him. Approaching a bookmaker, he said, "If I put a shilling on a horse and it wins, how much do I get?" If the horse starts at 50 to 1 you get 51 shillings" the bookmaker replied. "If it starts at 20 to 1 you get 21 shillings, and if it starts at 10 to 1 you get 11 shillings."

The young countryman looked puzzled. "But," he said, "suppose the horse starts at one o'clock?"

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Notes from "B" Sqdn.

The St. John's Garrison Church is arranging for a Barrack Night for the Garrison, to be held between November 21st and 30th.

It is proposed to get as much talent from the Barracks as possible. There will be a concert followed by supper, and then dancing.

The first Barracks dance was held in the gym. on Friday, October 30th, and took the form of a masquerade.

The educational classes, under the Rev. J. Russel MacLean, the station chaplain, commenced on November 3rd, and will continue every Tuesday.

The question of a training area is quite a serious problem at Stanley Barracks. While at has been a perplexing question for many years, it is becoming worse than ever. Until recently we have had to rely on the small area of reclaimed sand-land to the south-east, but a large portion of this is now under construction for the new stadium and it is difficult to find an area large enough to carry on troop drill.

Tpr. Pratt is at present in Christie Street Hospital suffering from a fractured foot. During a recent military funeral, while driving the wheel team, his horse came down and his foot was passed over by the wheel of the gun carriage.

"B" Squadron is putting on a 24-file musical ride at the Royal Winter Fair.

Brig-Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel Commandant of M.D.2, completed the annual inspection of "B" Squadron, R.C.D., and "B" Co., R.C.R., at Stanley Barracks, on October 27th.

There were many incidents amusing to the "initiated," such as the feverish activity suddenly displayed to the north of the officers' block and in a certain transport stable.

No. 86, Ex-Tpr. R. Higham, who was with the unit overseas, visited the station recently.

Captain M. Hasegawa, of the Imperial Japanese Army, who is on a month's visit to Canada, visited Stanley Barracks on November 6th.

Things We Want to Know

What is the name of the sergeant of "B" Squadron who has bought all the face powders and hair lotions and is being seen in North Toronto so much? Are we soon to have another married sergeant in the squadron?

How is it that the only Charleston dancer in the squadron comes from the 1st Troop? What about it, you would-be sheiks from the other troops?

Queries From the 1st Troop

How did our troop sergeant work a month's trip to the States. How about it, "Tam?"

How is it that the Squadron circus is composed of horses and men from the 1st Troop? Why not call it the 1st Troop Circus? don't get sore, "others," because we can do it.

Which troop thought they were going to get Tpr. Galloway, our all-round athlete, when he got his first stripe? Our troop officer was on the job too soon for them.

Which troop won the most prizes at the sports at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and how did the other troops like it? If you want to know who was the only one who did not win a prize in the 1st Troop, ask our troop officer.

How did "Gussie" like losing the football and baseball games to the 1st Troop?; and is it right that he whispered to his troop that they would beat us at hockey? Does our troop officer think so?

Will our troop officer get caught speeding as much in his new car as he did in the old one? Do we think he would sooner be with some other troop than with us? Ask him.

Follow Our Example, Boys

We would like to see other troops of either squadron putting notes in "The Goat." We are open to remarks from you and won't mind a bit; we will come right back every time. The editorial staff of "The Goat" are always asking for notes, so "Let's go."

C.O. WINS THE PRINCE OF WALES STEEPLECHASE CUP.

The Toronto Hunt Club's Prince of Wales Steeplechase was run at Newmarket on Saturday, October

31st. The cup, presented by H. R.H. the Prince of Wales, for qualified hunters, Canadian owned, three years and upward, and over a three-mile course, cross country, was won by Lieut.-Col. Walker Bell's horse, "Plaudmore Saintly" (alias Joey), ridden by Mr. Alexis Wilson. Second place was won by "Sandtic," owned by Mrs. Strathern Hay, and third by "Aunt Lin," owned by George W. Beardmore, fourth by "Altar Fire," ridden by Frank Proctor.

FOREIGN OFFICERS GUESTS OF THE OFFICERS AT STANLEY BARRACKS

The following officers composing the French and Belgian teams competing for the International Trophy at the forthcoming Royal Winter Fair are the guests of the officers at Stanley Barracks:

Capitaine de Laissardières, 5th Dragoons, France.

Lieutenant Clavé, 23rd Dragoons, France.

Lieutenant Bizard, 7th Hussars, France.

Commandant G. Mesmaekers, 1st Regt. of Guides, Brussels, Belgium.

Lieutenant J. de Brabandere, 1st Regt. of Guides, Brussels, Belgium.

Lieutenant J. Breuls, 4th Regt. de Lanciers, Liege, Belgium.

Their horses are at present at the farm of Col.H.L.Cox at Oakville, and will later come to Stanley Barracks.

EQUESTRIAN TREAT

A wonderful exhibition of horsemanship was recently given before a squad of the R.C.D. at "D" Block by "Geordie," mounted on Col. Langford's charger. Unfortunately, when nearing home and safety, and in passing a group of men, the senior present, with true cavalry spirit, called the squad smartly to attention with a click. The click disturbed the charger's

equanimity and with sad results for the above-mentioned rider, who appeared to suddenly have a desire to whisper something in his horse's ear, and was last seen heading towards the Exhibition grounds, fondly embracing his charger's neck.

(N.B.—The station adjutant apparently has no sense of humour. He later checked up the rider because he did not answer the smartly-tendered salute.

REAL "ORIGINAL" HEARS LAST POST

Harry Crane, One of the First 100 to Enlist in Canada, Is Dead

One of the "first hundred men" in Canada to join the army in 1914 died on Monday, October 5th, 1925, at Weston Sanitarium in the person of Private Harry Crane, Regimental No. 98, aged 50. He had been a patient there for the past ten weeks. A Canadian, Crane first saw service in the South African War when he went over with the Canadian Contingent, the R.C.D., as a bugler, and was in charge of the Canadian buglers at the Battle of Paardeburg. Returning to Canada, he engaged in the engineering profession till August, 1914, when he joined the P.P.C.L.I., with whom he served in France for practice.

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ally five years. He was wounded five times, being "knocked out" at Sanctuary Wood, Passchendaele, Amiens, the Somme and Vimy Ridge.

Since the war he had resided on River street, and had been employed in the Ontario Government dispensaries. As far as is known he had no relatives living in Canada.

Funeral took place on Thursday, October 8th, and interment was made at Prospect Cemetery, Toronto.

OBITUARY

Crane—On Monday, October 5, at the Weston Sanatorium, Harry Crane, late bugler of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry, in his 50th year.

The Late Pte. Harry Crane

The late Harry Crane (Cronjic) enlisted in "B" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, in Toronto on October 1st, 1902. He was discharged when his time expired on September 30th, 1905.

The funeral service was attended by a large number of the P.P.C.L.I., roughly seventy ex-members being present. The Rev. Captain Lambert, Christie Street Hospital, conducted the service,

which was very impressive. During the course of his remarks he likened the deceased to a 101% man, if such a man were possible, a real true soldier of the Empire. He was a man who had returned to the fray five times after being wounded, and the greatest hardship in his life must have been to have died in a sanitarium, instead of on the battlefield among his comrades.

Pte. Crane went to his last resting place in the Soldier's Plot at Prospect Cemetery, to the sound of the pipes. —G.D.C.

WILL COMPETE AT WINTER FAIR

French and Belgian Officers Arrive in Toronto—At Stanley Barracks

Six smart officers of the armies of our allies—French and Belgian—arrived in Toronto recently to take part in the international jumping contests at the Royal Winter Fair at the Coliseum. They were greeted by E. M. Carroll, Col. Walker Bell, and Major Van Denberg, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, when they arrived at North Toronto station. Motors were on hand to take them to Stanley Barracks, where they will

make their headquarters while in Toronto.

The three officers represent the French army are Captain de Laisardiere, 6th Dragoons; Lieutenant Clave, 23rd Dragoons, and Lieut. Bizard, 7th Hussars. The Belgian officers are Commandant G. Mesmackers, 1st. Regt. of Guides; Lieut. J. DeBrabandiere, 1st Regt. of Guides, and Lieut. L. Bruels, 4th Lancers. All the officers were in the uniform of their country—the Frenchmen in sky-blue, and the Belgians in khaki.

LEST WE FORGET

In the Soldiers' Plot, Prospect Cemetery, Toronto, lie many of our boys. It has been suggested that the least we could do, independent of any other society, would be to hold a service once a year, some Sunday afternoon before going to camp, and place a wreath on each of the graves. A recent visitor was astonished to find so many of our comrades buried there.

Publicity has its effect.

A BROTHERHOOD FOUND IN DEATH

Unforgettable Scene at Stanley Barracks Armistice Day Service

Motionless, in a death-like stillness, stood two hundred and fifty Royal Canadian Dragoons, at their field service held on Armistice Day morning in Stanley Barracks square. Lieut.-Col. Walked Bell, D.S.O., was in charge.

Before a field altar of drums, draped by Union Jacks, the surplined clergy formed a striking centerpiece. Above the memorial tablet over the gateway rested a wreath of blood-red rosebuds and pink chrysanthemums.

"O God, our Help in ages past" The familiar hymn broke the stillness just as the sun broke through the clouds. Reverently across the campus a group of onlookers came, wives and friends of officers, N.C.O.'s, old men leading little children, and young men, who remembered.

"Forbid it, Lord, that we ever should forget.....That neither time nor death can separate us from Thy love....." These a few fragments of a beautiful prayer offered, followed by "Our Father, Which are in Heaven."

Before the chaplain stood a little group of French and Belgian officers, the blue uniforms of the former making a marked contrast.

Touching on "the price of blood," the chaplain, Rev. J. Russell Maclean, stated that a country

was not made by conquest, but by a sense of willingness to give all

"There is no greater brotherhood than death. It is the strongest in the world, because when men die together in the same cause they give the highest expression of their being one," he said. "It is not a question today of praising the dead. What we are asking really is that we might be worthy of the heritage they left to us. We can only do this by being animated by the same sense of patriotism and a willingness to give all."

The chaplain recalled that there was a tablet to the R.C.D.'s in Amiens Cathedral which has its sister tablet in the Garrison Church here, and the two were thus linked together.

At 10.58 troops were called to attention and trumpeters sounded the Last Post—then, during the two minutes of silence the khaki square and the little group of onlookers became so much living statuary.

At "Reveille," the world moved again.

The above extract from the Toronto Telegram gives a very fair description of the Armistice Day service. We would point, however, that while the number mentioned as on parade is approximately correct it included all the units stationed in barracks, thus the following regiments were represented: R.C.D., R.C.R., R.C.E., and R.C.A.M.C.

The order of service was as follows: Hymn, "O God, our Help in ages past;" Prayer; Address; Rev. J. Russell Maclean; Hymn, "Fight the Good Fight;" 10.58 a.m., Troops called to attention. Trumpeters to sound "Last Post" to finish at 11 a.m. sharp; 11 a.m., two minutes' silence; 11.02 a.m., trumpeters sound "Reveille."

Captain Hammond represented "A" Squadron. A number of friends of the regiment, relatives and old comrades were also present.

After the service the troops were inspected by the French and Belgian officers.

At the interval of the important soccer cup-tie one of the directors of the home club sought out the captain. "Look here," he said angrily, "what on earth is the matter with the centre-forward today. He's as slow as a cart-horse and might just as well be off the field." "Well, it's lik ethis, sir," the captain replied apologetically, "ever since that slow-motion film of the club was taken and Smith found out how graceful he was, he don't seem to be the same somehow."

Drink GURD'S Drinks

Wherever you have the opportunity!

GURD'S Ginger Ales.

GURD'S Soda Water.

GURD'S Ginger Beer.

Gurd's Dry Ginger Ale is the Acme of select refreshment—a winner—with people of discerning taste!

GURD'S DRINKS SATISFY!

On sale at the Canteen.

On call at the Mess.

Cavalry Association Cup

WON BY 1ST TROOP, "A"

SQN. FOR 1925

To the 1st Troop, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., falls the honour of winning the Cavalry Association Cup for Proficiency for the first year that it has been competed for.

This very handsome trophy was purchased by "A" Squadron, R.C.D., out of the monies accumulated from the annual grant for recreational purposes, made to the cavalry squadrons by the Canadian Cavalry Association.

It was put up for annual competition between the Troops of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., and is held for one year by the Troop obtaining the highest percentage of points awarded for "General Proficiency" during the period of annual squadron training, and the results of the previous year's weapon training.

The cup stands 33½ inches high, is suitably engraved, and surmounted by a miniature figure of

a trooper of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in review order.

The system of marking was based on percentages as follows:

Equitation

Riding and Jumping 10
Handling of arms mounted .. 5

Drill and Manoeuvre

Mounted 10
Dismounted 10
Weapon Training 15

Interior Economy

Horsemastership 10
Barrack Rooms 10
Troop Records 10
Discipline 20
Total 100

Marks were deducted by the Commanding Officer or by the 2nd in command of the squadron, at any time on parades, or during inspections of stables or barrack rooms.

The keenness of competition, and the interest taken by all ranks may be judged by referring to the final results, which were as under:

First Troop 90.52%
Second Troop 84.54%
Third Troop 83.80%

It is hoped to have the cup officially presented to the First Troop by Brig-General C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., District Officer Commanding Military District No. 4, at his forthcoming annual inspection of "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

Following is the nominal roll of the 1st Troop, "A" Squadron, R.C.D.:

Lieut. & Bvt. Captain M. H. A. Drury.

Sergeant W. Campbell, M.M.

" R. Harris.

Corporal E. Sargent.

" R. A. Stanyar.

" H. Swarbrick.

L/Corporal J. Cassidy.

" E. Barraclough

" J. Adams.

Trumpeter W. P. Dooley.

" E. Gagne.

Trooper J. H. Beetham.

" L. F. Russell.

" G. Watson.

" D. Hannah.

" G. English.

" R. Desfosses.

" W. C. Cornwall.

" W. Shorrocks.
" W. E. Weeks.
" R. Woolcock.
" E. Stanyar.
" W. D. Manning.
" C. W. Clark.
" H. Hopewell.
" F. Hodgkinson.
" T. Forsyth.
" V. Omelusk.
" F. W. Lawrence.
" G. Brunelle.

Hints to N.C.O.'s i/c Barrack-Rooms

Instead of polishing linoleum after you have washed it, you should do both with the same operation. Mix one ounce of glue (melted) with your washing water, and when dry the floor will have a beautiful gloss.

Man (standing on corner): "Could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee and a sandwich?"

Generous Old Lady: "Why, my poor fellow, how are you crippled?"

"Financially."

WALZEN PASTRY

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Sold by all Groceries in 98s., 49s., and 24s. bags.

AIDS TO OBTAINING A CERTIFICATE

"What news of the Small Arms
School, dad?"

Said a lad to his soldier sire;
And the father made answer unto
him,
And his brow began to perspire

"I have a tale for thy ear, lad,
But do not my words deride;
If thou dost an' I get to hear on't
I'll tan thy tender hide.

"I had finished instructing in
"A" Wing
Along with some others. A few
Were going back to their unit
At St. Johns by the Richelieu.

"But the Top Gods made inter-
vention,
Though sundered from were we,
They told us to learn the Vickers,
And thus qualify in "B"

"I, as thou knowest, am horseman,
And angles are not my forte;
Trying to get from Long to Short
base
I very often get caught.

"The scene, my lad, now changes
To Machine Gunners' Bungalow.
Where dwelleth the Sergeant-Ma-
jor,
As all and sundry know.

"Now, Tubby one night played at
poker
With Chapman, on top of a box,
There was Holloway too, and a
heathen
Named "Sylph-figured Fredi-
cox."

"Aye! As I said, 'twas at poker,
But the culprits need have no
fears.
For, if there be none to speak of
it,
It can't get to Old Tiny's ears.

"They were deeply engrossed in
the play, lad,
They were all of them very in-
tent,
For Chappy had wagered a nickel
And Holloway raised him a
cent.

"Then suddenly through the si-
lence,
A sound smote on every ear;
A stealthy footstep outside, lad,
Their hearts flopped over with
fear.

"'I'm caught,' whispered fat old
Freddy,
'And I'll lose my ruddy crown'
The door then gently opened—
Outside stood Reggie Brown.

"Now, Reggie's an epicurean,
Berries he eats by the peck,
But he has no chance to buy 'em,
He's compelled to surrender his
cheque.

"So he wanders out to the dark-
ness;
His tears, they fall like rain;
But success in a measure comes
to him,
For he finds lots of fruit in the
lane.

"He scampers with glee to his
castle,
And there conceals him a mess
Of vinegar, cream and berries,
Which would cause thy stomach
distress.

"Shyly he smiled at the gamesters,
A hand he extended to each;
But they could only gurgle;
Even Cox lost the power of
speech.

"A dish on his head Reggie bal-
lanced,
Festooned about with hay,
Atop the dish, full zerepost high,
A pile of raspberries lay.

They looked so appetizing,
So large and so very fine,
That Tubby accepted the offering
With a smile that was most be-
nign.

"My story now is finished;
The moral's plain to see;
Feed raspberries to Tubby
And you qualify for a "D."

"There's a second lesson also,
No matter what others may say,
Feeding fruit to your instructors
Is the perfect form of I.A.

"So when the day comes, my lad-
die,
That thou goest to the Small
Arms School,
Give 'em lots of parsnips and ber-
ries.
And don't be a ruddy fool."
—G. C. H.

BITS FROM THE C.S.A.S.

It is well known that certain
text books take the place of the
Bible to some people. Apropos
of this, we hear that the Court of
Enquiry on a damaged rifle at C.
S.A.S. was sworn in by Capt. J.
Wood, R.C.D., on S.A.T. Vol. 1.

Some of the spectators of the
equitation class held at South
March were treated to the follow-
ing:—

Capt. Wood: "Now, S.M. Cox,
demonstrate "Prepare to Dis-
mount."

S.M. Cox does so.
Capt. Wood: "Now, gentlemen,
did you see what he did?"
"Slid the left hand along the
reins, took the right foot from the
stirrup and placed the right hand
on the front arch of the saddle.
That is the first position of "Pre-
pare to Dismount," or, as we say
at the Small Arms School, "Pri-
mary Extraction."

Tom Moore (D.Y.R.C.H.) asks
what size 4 x 2 is used to clean the
bore of the Hotchkiss. The reply
to this is given by Sgt. Costello,
who says that it is 2 x 4.

A keen angler once visited the
Island of Arran and, in the course
of conversation with some of the
villagers, elicited the information
that horsefly was considered good
bait. Next day the angler re-
quested his Highland servant to
get him some horseflies. The man
looked stupid and obviously failed
to comprehend, so the angler re-
peated his request, adding testily,
"Great Scot! have you never
seen a horsefly?" No, sir," said
the Highlander slowly, "but I
wance saw a cow fall off the end
of Loch Ranza pier."

The judge leaned over. "And
where," he asked gravely, "did
the motor car strike you?" It
was a delicate question. Witness
glanced uneasily at the stern-vis-
aged matrons upon the jury, and
then a bright thought struck him.
"Well, me lud," he said, "if I
had been wearing a rear light it
would have been smashed."

Isaac was arrested, and on re-
ceiving sentence was requested
quite curtly to strip and take a
bath. "Vot," he cried, aghast,
"go right under der vater? . . .
no, no!" "But it's got to be
done," said the warder, uncom-
promisingly . . . "By gum! you
need one, too. How long is it
since you had a bath?" The pris-
oner lifted his hands up to high
heaven; "I've never been arrested
before," he sobbed.
Many a man plays a fair game
of golf—if you watch him.

"Let me stop and look at the
man that's been run over by the
motor, ma," said a small boy in
New York to his mother.
"No, no," she said, "come right
along. There'll be another one
presently."

This is the time to give your order for an
automobile, so you may have it for the fine
weather.

We invite you to come and make your choice
from the following:

FORD
Six models

DODGE BROTHERS
Seven models

and Seventeen models of the
STUDEBAKER line.

We will be pleased to give you
a demonstration at any
time if requested.

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Special Announcement Moving Pictures

We have it on very excellent authority that the Department of Irrational Expense is to open a movie picture theatre in barracks. That this will be a popular departure from the usual routine is undoubted, and from the prospective list of feature pictures to hand, we feel sure that everyone will get their money's worth. The editor has been fortunate enough to secure from his compatriot, Mr. Edwards, of that great lumberman's journal, "The Axe," the following list of pictures, specially screened for the Department of Irrational Expense and censored by Agnes McPhail.

The Love Tap.

Featuring Cpl. Volkert and George Washington Jnr.

One Reel Only.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

A "Prepare to Mount" Special

"A Hero of the Tan Bark"

Featuring Major Roy Nordheimer

with

"Polly" of the Circus.

BE INOCULATED WITH JOY GERMS

See

Norman Halkett, and "Laddie," the Wonder Dog,

in

"The Biter Bitten"

or

"Are You A Mason?"

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"A" Sqdn Notes.

"A" SQUADRON CONCERT

A very enjoyable concert was held in the gymnasium at the Cavalry Barracks on Wednesday evening, November 11th. The talent uncovered was such as to warrant holding another in the near future, and certainly it would appear that the squadron is very well fortified with vocal artists.

Fourteen numbers made up the programme, and the Barracks Orchestra furnished the music during the intermission. While every item was of interest to the audience, special mention may be made to songs by Cpl. Sargent, a trio consisting of Tpr. Rodney, Tpr. Wheeler and L/Cpl. McGorman, recitations by L/Cpl. Godsmark and Tpr. Gordon, and a step dance by Pte. Chesley, "D" Co., R.C.R.

During the intermission, the prizes for the road race were presented to the winners by Major Bowie, who, in a short speech, congratulated the prize-winners and all the contestants.

Correspondence.

23 Foxley Street,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, "The Goat,"

Dear Sir:—Kindly note my change of address from Chicora Avenue. While I am at this I'd like to say that in the last issue of "The Goat" there was a cry of scarcity of news, etc., of members and ex-members. It is about seven years now since we came back and a lot of water has run down the St. Lawrence since that time, and we were to have an "Old Boys' Association." Where is it? If I'm not mistaken there were officers appointed. Take Toronto for instance. Ex-members that I know of here are Messrs. Cochrane, Jarvis, Wilks, Medhurst, Davidson, Sutherland (1st Troop), McGregor, G. Morris, T. Murray, Patterson, Thompson, Fabb, Towndes, Lunan, Sutherland (4th Troop), Merrixx, and quite a few still serving with the regiment. Most of these are "A" Squadron, and there should be a lot of "B" and "C" Squadrons also. In fact there is enough to make a re-union night one to be remembered. I had the pleasure of hearing from (Hiram) Hood of H.Q., last week. He will be remembered by the bunch for his good work in the First Aid. He

lost his arm towards the end of the war. He is doing extremely well, being head of a corporation in Baltimore, U.S.A.

Well, sir, if my suggestion re a re-union night is worth while and feasible, it is open for question.

Wishing "The Goat" every success, also the Old Boys and the New Boys the same,

I am,

Sincerely yours,
(Ex. No. 299) R. McLachlan.
October 17th, 1925.

Cacouna, Que.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I am writing a few lines to let you know that I am still living on a farm, and would like to hear from the old boys of the regiment. If you would write me a few lines and let me know how things are going on I would be very pleased to hear from you.

That's all for the present. Hoping you are well. Am still your friend,

Achielle Marquis.

Formerly No. 897, 2nd Troop,
"C" Squadron, R.C.D.

221 University Street,
Montreal, Que.

Editor, "The Goat,"

Dear Sir:—In future will you kindly send "The Goat" to the following address, and oblige the writer.

I am glad to see that it is still prospering, and in all respects as fine a military magazine as can be bought anywhere.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Geo. E. Beaumont.

November 5th, 1925.

Editor, "The Goat,"

Dear Sir:—I am writing you in the hopes that you can enlighten us in regard to the following matter.

During the recent G.O.C.'s inspection of "A" Squadron on the barrack square in the afternoon, the aforementioned General Officer was heard to remark, when passing down the ranks of Second Troop, and at the same time pointing to a budding lance-corporal, "That's the only one of its kind in Canada."

Now this gallant soldier swears that the general was referring to a gleaming decoration on his manly breast, but his comrades infer that it was to the N.C.O. himself that the General was referring.

As this argument is the cause of much unseemly noise after "lights out," and causes a num-

ber of our none-too-handsome troopers the loss of their much-needed beauty sleep, we would be grateful if you would kindly clear this matter up.

The Sufferer.

A REVERIE OF THE TRENCHES

The brightest scene, the sweetest song,

The gayest jest shall be
Only to pass the hour along
From now till Victory.
Our laughter, in a world of loss,
On time and tune is set
By those who laugh their way
across

The shattered parapet.

—Robert Higham, ex-Pte. 868,
"B" Squadron, R.C.D.

VISITING ESKIMOS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT TOBACCO

Otherwise Unimpressed By Our Civilization

Civilization's many wonders apparently made but slight impression on Savakak, Anatota, Attawinga and Tapita, four Eskimos brought to Montreal by officials of the Revillon Freres Trading Company. The four visitors from the frozen North smiled and were mildly amused by the white man's environment and pastimes, but displayed little enthusiasm for the mechanical marvels which they were viewing for the first time.

The sight of one thing, however, invariably caused the quartet to display all the enthusiasm anyone could demand. Tobacco was unmistakably a tremendously-prized article, one that they enjoyed hugely, though they had never in their lives made its acquaintance previous to boarding the good ship "Jean Revillon," which brought them from Baker Lake to Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

As a solace for the rigours of winter as they know it, all four—after sampling everything in the form of tobacco offered—took away with them to Pagwa, Ont., a plentiful supply of Millbank Virginia Cigarettes; and of Dixie Bright Plug Smoking Tobacco in the famous vacuum (air-tight) tin. Evidently these primitive people are exceedingly quick to sense value when they encounter it.

Prison Chaplain: "Well, my man, how did you manage to get here?"

Prisoner: "Bad company, sir. You see there were four of us to one bottle of whiskey, and the other three totallers."

Sports

FOOTBALL

On Saturday, October 24th, the Garrison Football Club played a friendly game with Canadian Rail-roader, a Montreal club. The game was played on a very heavy ground and was pleasant to watch throughout. The visitors were victorious by three clear goals.

After the game both teams sat down in the Men's Messroom and enjoyed the plentiful repast put up by the Garrison cooks. The following represented the Garrison: Tpr. Hodgkinson; Tpr. Gilmore and Mr. W. Nethercut; Tpr. Wheeler, Tpr. Dawkes, Tpr. Rowe; Tpr. English, Sgt. Harris, Cpl. MacLean, Sgt. Sheehy, and Tpr. Cornwall.

Referee—Mr. George Ellis.

SERGEANTS' MESS, H.Q., M. D. 4, vs. GARRISON SERGEANTS' MESS, ST. JOHNS.

Saturday, October 31st, saw the above teams lined up to contest the first of their annual home-and-home games. The day was an ideal one for football. Headquarters was represented by a very strong team. Mr. Avery had forsaken his plans for old forts and such like places in a do-or-die spirit; Sergt.-Major Ellins was out for another "D," and even Charlie Shaw had ceased shooting a mean line to the Highlanders and taken the day off. Of course this latter fact is easily explained when one remembers the day was Saturday, the only day of the week when members of his race refrain from taking advantage of their fellow-men.

Nor were the members of the Garrison Sergeants' Mess suffering from a lack of determination. Practically all of them had been "on the tack" (following father's footsteps) for weeks. Sergt.-Major Dowdell had been appointed trainer, and for evening after evening he made various members of the team chase themselves round the billiard table. Tommy Howe turned out without his collar and tie and everyone knew that he meant business. Sergt. Harris left off his bandolier specially for the game, and Bill Campbell turned the cold shoulder to innumerable offers of refreshment. Owing to one or two members of the home team having to be aroused from their usual afternoon siesta,



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the game was a little late in getting started. At about 3.10 p.m. the teams lined up as follows:

H.Q., Montreal—S. M. Claeys; S.M. Abrey, Sgt. Thwaites; S.M. Myers, S.M. Brown, C.C.M. Ellins; Sgt. Boisseau, S. Sgt. Thomson, S. Sgt. Houston and C.S.M. Shaw.

Garrison Sergeants' Mess—Sgt. Bert, R.C.R.; S.S.M. Smith, R.C.D., Sgt. Campbell, R.C.D.; Sgt. Gardener, R.C.D., Sgt. Hargreaves R.C.D., Sgt. Taylor, R.C.D.; Sgt. Godin, R.C.R., Mr. Howe, R.C.E., Sgt. Sheehy, R.C.D., Sgt. Harris, R.C.D., and Sgt. Langley, R.C.D. Referee, Mr. Geo. Ellis; Linesmen, Sgt. Jackson, C.S.M.C., and Sgt. Henderson, R.C.D.

The "brass-hats" won the toss and elected to play with the sun behind their backs. From the whistle the visitors took the play up to their opponents' end of the field, but the home defence cleared in great style and the ball was transferred to the other end of the field, where Bill Hargreaves had very hard luck with a fine shot. In this half, play was very even; both teams were playing a hard game, with the defences predominating. After about twenty-five minutes play Bill Hargreaves got the only goal of the first half from a solo effort, terminating in a swift "grounders" which easily beat the visiting goalie.

With the sun behind them, the Garrison took command of the game in the second half. The visitors packed their defence area, but could not keep the "soldiers" out. The home team scored twice in this half through the medium of Sgts. Godin and Sheehy.

An egotist is a man who tells you certain things about himself that you would have told about yourself, if he hadn't got in first.

THE CAVALRY BARRACKS ROAD RACE

The annual road race took place on Wednesday, November 11th, and for once the weather was propitious. However, on account of the slippery state of the fields and also in order to vary the going, the course was changed.

The new course was entirely by road, and parts of the route chosen provided plenty of muddy going. Starting at the main entrance to the barracks, the contestants followed the main road to Iberville, the rendez-vous being behind the Roman Catholic Church. From this point the course ran northeast to Iberville Junction, then due south to the first cross-roads north of the C.V.R. tracks. From this point the road ran due west, and the contestants could return to barracks by any route, the trestle bridge being excepted.

The conditions of the race called for fifteen men from each troop or company being at the rendez-vous before any man of that troop or company could leave. This made the race more collective than individual, and the unit with the best average runners was in a better position than one with a few stars and the remainder useless.

The start was made at 2.30 p.m., and the pace set to the rendez-vous was very fast. Third Troop and R.C.R. arrived simultaneously, but the latter were more collected and got away first. The Third Troop, splendidly led and coached by Sgt. Sheehy, maintained a uniform pace throughout the race and won a well-deserved victory, capturing six out of the first eight places. Tpr. Ross, who won the race, ran splendidly all through, and on finishing ran back to pace the other members of his troop home. L/Cpl. Adams, First Troop, who has been in the money since the race was first run, got

away to a poor start, as his troop were the last to leave the rendez-vous. Second place went to "D" Company, R.C.R., both individually and by team.

The handsome new trophy for the winning team, together with the other prizes, was presented by Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Officer Commanding, Cavalry Barracks, at the concert the same evening. The order of finishing and marks allotted are as under:

1. Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 50 points, 26.43 minutes, 1st prize.
2. Cpl. Parker, "D" Co., R.C.R., 48 points, 2nd prize.
3. Sgt. Sheehy, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 46 points, 3rd prize.
4. Cpl. Green, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 44 points, 4th prize.
5. Tpr. Guy, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 42 points, 5th prize.
6. L/Cpl. Adams, 1st Troop, R.C.D., 40 points, 6th prize.
7. L/Cpl. Rowe, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 38 points.
8. Tpr. Cross, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 36 points.
9. Pte. Talbot, "D" Co., R.C.R., 34 points, 2nd Company prize.
10. Pte. Cameron, "D" Co., R.C.R., 32 points.
11. Tpr. Gordon, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 30 points.
12. Tpr. Dobson, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 28 points.
13. Tpr. Ellis, 2nd Troop, R.C.D., 26 points, 1st, 2nd Troop prize.
14. Pte. Chapman, "D" Co., R.C.R., 24 points.
15. Tpr. Hendry, 1st Troop, R.C.D., 22 points, 2nd, 1st Troop prize.
16. Pte. Baratien, "D" Co., R.C.R., 20 points.
17. Cpl. McLean, "D" Co., R.C.R., 18 points.
18. Tpr. Dusseault, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 16 points.
19. Sgt. Harris, 1st Troop, R.C.D., 14 points.
20. Tpr. English, 1st Troop, R.C.D., 14 points.

C.D., 14 points.

21. Tpr. Dupuis, 2nd Troop, R.C.D., 10 points, 2nd, 2nd Troop prize.

22. Tpr. Brennan, 3rd Troop, R.C.D., 2 points.

23. Tpr. Gardner, A., 2nd Troop, R.C.D., 2 points.

Totals: 1st Troop, 88 points; 2nd Troop, 38 points; 3rd Troop, 332 points; "D" Company, R.C.R., 176 points.

A well-known tennis player once found himself partnered by a haughty and inexperienced girl in a mixed doubles match in a minor competition. Quickly sizing up his partner's abilities, he instructed her to keep to the right side of the court while he looked after the left. After the first game the girl crossed over to his side, and was reminded that she must stay on the right side. "Good heavens," murmured the girl in a pained voice, "you don't even know the rules of the game."

An angler took an inexperienced friend deep-sea fishing. As often happens, first blood came to the tyro, who hooked a beautiful sole, examined its unfamiliar shape with disgust and threw it back into the water again. "Good heavens, man," almost shouted the expert, "why on earth did you do that? That was a beautiful fish." "Go on!" said the other sarcastically, "whose leg do you think you are pulling? Do you think I am fool enough to take home a fish that a diver has stood on?"

Magistrate: "So you charge your husband with tearing your hair. Did you scream?"

Woman: "I should have, your worship, but I wasn't there when he did it."

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